



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904

IN THE HAPPY RANKS.

shiver not at shadows—Jordan's stormy banks—
somewhere, we're enlisted in the hal-
lelujah ranks!
the music's ringing—the bells are all
in chime
we're singing—O, we're singing of the
hallelujah time!

Dark hills are steep hills,
But yonder's the light;
Home's over the river—
Home is in sight!

We shiver not at shadows—the thorny
ways we tread,
We reap eternal bliss from the green
graves of our dead;
The world with joy is ringing—a song that
soars sublime
We're singing—O, we're singing of the
hallelujah time!

Dark hills are steep hills,
But yonder's the light;
Home's over the river—
Home is in sight!

Bright stars there in the shadows; and over
earth's farewells
The sweet an' heaven-thrilled music—the
welcome of the bell!
The old friends—how they beckon to a fair
an' friendly clime;
They're singing—O, they're singing of the
hallelujah time!

Dark hills are steep hills,
But yonder's the light;
Home's over the river—
Home is in sight!

L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DEVELOPING A PHOTOGRAPH

By J. C. PLUMMER

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REV. MR. SIGSBY allowed himself
to be helped the fourth time
to chicken, made no opposition when his
cup was filled with coffee and was
equally passive when Mrs. Cody placed
a large piece of fried mush beside the
chicken.

"It's a sad thing about Capt. Carr,"

lamented Mrs. Cody.

Rev. Sigsby, smiling, "People who pre-

fer to sail in boats and fish on the

Lord's day rather than hear His Word

must come to grief," quoth he.

"But his wife and children went to

church," growled Capt. Cody, morosely.

"The aim of the father descend upon

his children," said Mr. Sigsby. "It is

hard to understand to our imperfect

nature, but such is the law of God."

"Our imperfect nature generally

returns to the law of God."

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But people who once spoke to Capt. Carr passed him silently and his children had no playmates on the street.

"That's Mr. Fanning," said a man, pointing out the manager to Capt. Cody on the street.

Capt. Cody had just returned from a voyage to the Pacific and had never beheld the manager.

He glanced at him with the air of a man who is compelled to stare at something very disagreeable, then his glance became fixed and after Fanning had passed he hastened around the square so that he would meet the manager once more.

"Where have I seen a man just like him?" said Capt. Cody, to himself. But though the photograph of a man's face, like, very like, unto Mr. Fanning's, was impressed on the captain's mind, the film would not develop. It was misty and yet it was a face. It worried the captain. He went over the world in his mind. He confronted himself with men in fairs, in turbans and in sombreroes. He marshaled before his mental eye the crews he had commanded, but the film remained clouded and imperfect.

There was an ingredient lacking, a touch needed, and neither was within the captain's reach. He lost his appetite and kept Mrs. Cody awake with his restlessness.

Capt. Cody waxed cross and peevish as he struggled with his imperfect photograph, and when a lady called to see him he went into the parlor in a bad humor.

The lady had a son who was on a voyage to Demerara and she had heard some stories about its deadly climate and hastened to Capt. Cody for his opinion. He reassured her and remained sitting in the parlor after she had gone. Demerara! He had not been there for years, but the memory of the pea-soup colored river came with its flat banks and the sugar sheds and white houses of the town came back to him. Then the missing ingredient came to his hand. The film became gradually a portrait, clear and distinct. Fanning it was, and Demerara was where he had seen him. Following close on the perfection of the film came facts. Like links in a chain they welded one in another. Fanning, he had seen him on board the Vixen, Capt. Chapman; and the Fanning he saw there had manacles on his wrists and was in the cabin of the steamer with a grim looking man alongside of him.

"Chapman's in Norfolk now," murmured Capt. Cody.

He went to Norfolk on that evening's boat.

Capt. Cody and Chapman stood on the street corner opposite the warehouse of Bilson & Clark, much as two marksmen would stand awaiting the appearance of some wild game bird.

"He'll go out for dinner," said Cody, "and then you'll see him. Fanning came out and walked up the street as became a man at peace with the world."

"It's him," said Chapman. "Somers! Robbed a house in Barbice of a big sum, made his lucky escape to Demerara, was caught and put on my steamer for return to Barbice. Managed to slip his handcuffs just as we came into Barbice at night and plumped overboard. Must have caught a boatman and bribed him to hide him. He's wanted out there badly."

"What'll you do?" asked Capt. Cody.

"I'll call on him to-night," replied Capt. Chapman, grimly.

Somers, alias Fanning, at first denied everything flatly. But his face was the color of white clay and his knees smote one another as he blustered. It was no good. Chapman had his proofs put and Somers threw up the game. He was willing to confess and put the confession in writing that he had doctored the wharfage book so as to throw the blame on Capt. Carr for a discrepancy, the result of his own peculations.

"Now," said Capt. Chapman, "make your best time out of this port, and keep out of it."

The \$2,000 was not the only discrepancy which Bilson & Clark discovered when they went over the accounts of Mr. Fanning, who had come to them with forged letters of recommendation. Detectives hunted for Mr. Fanning without success and Bilson & Clark had to charge the defalcation off to profit and loss without even the gratification of revenge.

Capt. Carr resumed his post as chief of the wharves belonging to the firm.

TRAGEDY IN QUICK LUNCH.

Life Has Become So Rapid in Big Metropolis That Little Time Is Taken to Eat.

Who can write the life-tragedies that may be traced to the "bolting" of luncheons at "quick-lunch" counters? asks the Chicago Journal. Yet it would seem that even a "quick lunch" is becoming a slow. There are signs in the wind, and over the door of a certain restaurant announcing, "The Quicker Lunch." "The Quickest Lunch" will probably soon follow. Has life become so rapid that a man cannot take time to eat? Is it possible that he can allow himself only ten minutes for luncheon; and that, even while eating, he cannot take time to smile, or to turn off the steam, but must keep the throttle valve of his thinking machine wide open, planning, planning, thinking, thinking? Not long ago a business man said that his partner, who had recently married, took his wedding trip on an elevator in a skyscraper. "It was the only time he felt he could spare to celebrate such a minor affair as his marriage!"

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned: "What is your name?" "Katinka," replied the child. "And your father's name?" "I never hat one," came the quick response. "Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher, kindly. "I never hat no mudder neither," answered Katinka, seriously. "I was born off my gran'mudder."

The Reason.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.

Had a wife and none was nearer.

He loved her much and he was true.

For she could take any pumpkin pie.

—Chicago Chronicle.

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One Is Bad Enough.

The Wife—Bigamy is a cruel crime which ought to be severely punished.

The Bachelor Friend—Serve the beggar right to make him live in a small house with both women.

The Husband (shuddering)—What a horrible idea! If you had been a married man, you would never have suggested anything so brutal.—Ally Sloper.

A Good Definition.

Teacher—What is the ninth commandment?

Small Johnny—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Teacher—What is meant by bearing false witness against a neighbor?

Small Johnny—It's when nobody does anything and somebody goes and tells it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sizing Him Up.

"Pardon me," said the seedy-looking man, who was laboring over a letter in the hotel writing room, "but can you tell me how to spell 'temporarily'?"

"Certainly," replied his shrewd neighbor, giving the desired information, "and the other word is 'e-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-e-d.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Sore Experience.

The Sunday school lesson was about the "Parable of the Sower." Before she told the narrative to the class, the teacher asked the children if they knew what a sower was.

"Of course, I know," said Robert. "It is something on your hand that hurts."—Little Chronicle.

Up to Her.

Mr. Crimmonbain.—You women never know when to say no.

Mrs. Crimmonbain.—I'd like to know why we don't.

"Because, if you'd have said no when I asked you to marry me, see the trouble you would have saved!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Grounds for Divorce.

Newsed—Alas! I am a disappointed man. My wife cannot sing.

Oldwed—Can't sing! Why, man, that ought to be a cause for divorcing. You are to be congratulated.

Newsed—Yes, but the trouble is she thinks she can.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And He Is Thinking Yet.

"Your little birdie has been very, very ill," she wrote to the young man. "It is some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I must have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear Gussy, I thought constantly of you."

The young man read it over, and then read it through very slowly, and put it in his pocket, and went out under the silent stars, and kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking.—Tit-Bits.

Court of Last Resort.

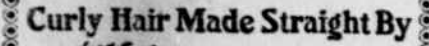
The magistrate was one of those peace lovers who hate to see their fellow-men get tangled up in legal wrangles.

"Don't you think," he asked, after he had heard a statement of the case, "that this is something that could be settled out of court?"

"Can't be done, your worship," replied the plaintiff, promptly. "I thought of that, but the coward won't fight."—Tit-Bits.

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